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London
October 20, 1948

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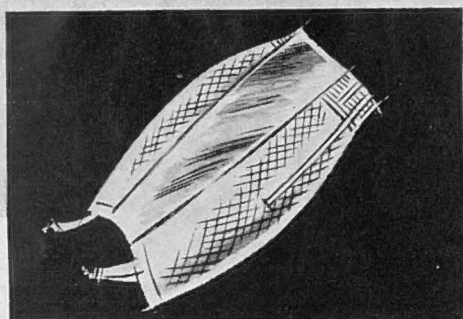
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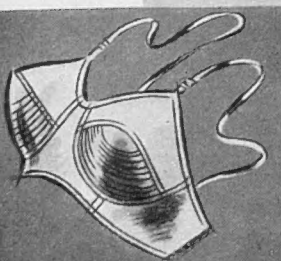
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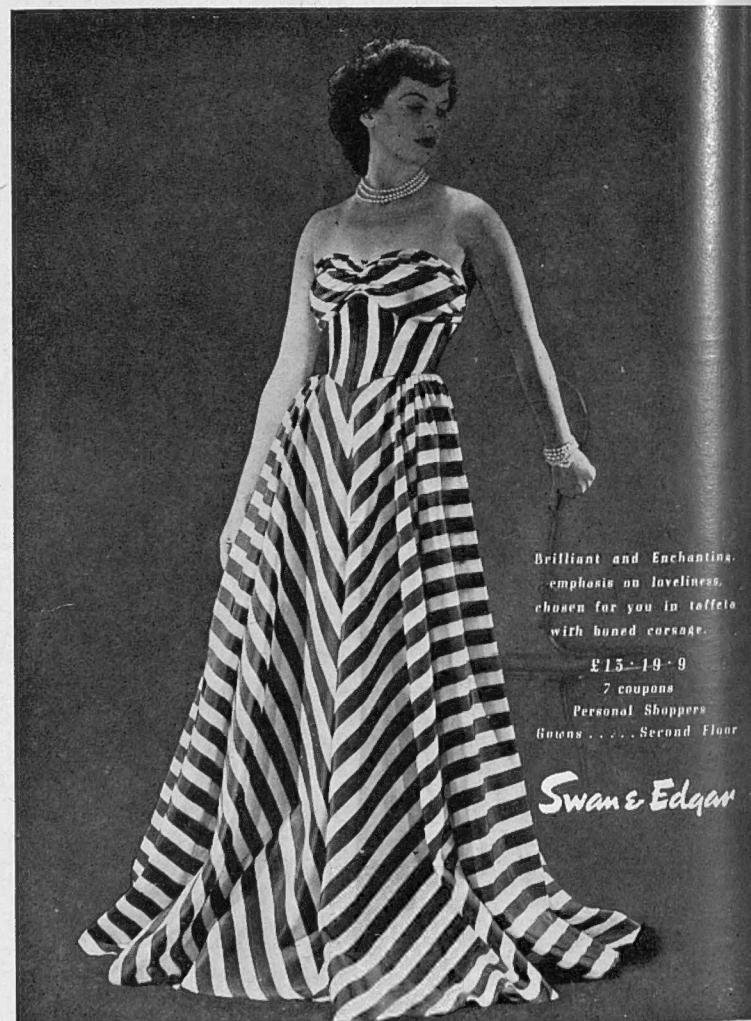
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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

OCTOBER 20, 1948

Vol. CXC. No. 2467

THIS ISSUE

The King's Regiment, so-called since 1715, is closely identified with Liverpool, and many tokens of regard were exchanged between soldiers and townspeople during the recent Regimental Week. Pictures of some of the events are on page 76.

Irish Bloodstock has a great reputation on both sides of St. George's Channel, and the recent sales at Ballsbridge, Dublin, saw many English buyers attending as well as a large gathering of Irish racing enthusiasts. Photographs on page 78.

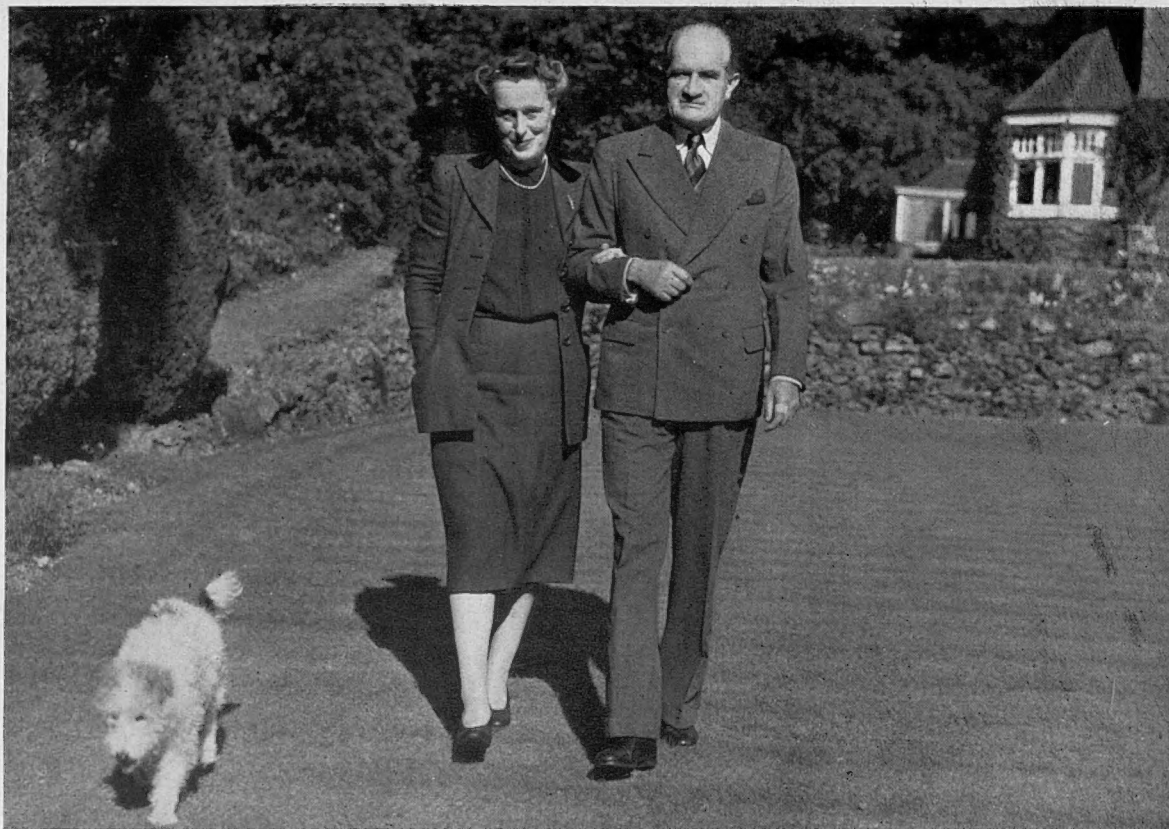
R.A.C. Grand Prix. It is estimated that 100,000 people saw the first Grand Prix to be run by the Royal Automobile Club for twenty-one years, at Silverstone, Northants. The race, won by an Italian driver, provided plenty of thrills and a brilliant performance by an elderly English car. Pages 80-81.

New Forest Golf. The beautiful course at Brockenhurst, Hants, which has been visited by many distinguished people, was recently the scene of the local Golf Club's autumn tournament for ladies. Photographs of competitors will be found on pages 84-85.

Hunt Horse Shows. The Garth Hunt recently held a most successful horse show at Teyford, Berks, of which the jumping was a great feature, and the Staff College and R.M.A. Draghunt also staged a most attractive event at Camberley. Pictures on pages 72, 73 and 82.



THE HON. ESME GLYN, sister of Lord Wolverton, and Lady Strathallan, wife of the son and heir of the Earl of Perth, at the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association autumn meeting held at Moor Park, Herts. They were second in the bogey foursomes. Winner of the Scratch Aggregate Cup was Lady Ashcombe, and other prizewinners were Lady Katherine Cairns, Lady Milne, the Hon. Miriam Pease, Mrs. Nigel Seeley, Mrs. D. Hill-Wood, Mrs. M. McCorquodale



General Sir William Slim, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff in succession to Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, walking in the garden of his home, Greenflags, Limpsfield, Surrey, with his wife, formerly Miss Aileen Robertson of Edinburgh. Leader of the victorious Fourteenth Army during the war, General Slim, who is fifty-seven, relinquishes his appointment as Deputy Chairman of British Railways to become the new C.I.G.S.

Some Portraits in Print

TRAFALGAR DAY again, and a Square with fountains shooting jets of water eighty feet high—or so some Ministries claim.

One wonders what manner of signal Nelson would have made on the occasion of October 21, 1948. It is diverting to consider what great men of the past would have thought of almost anything to-day; indeed, what to-day would have thought of the great men.

Nelson would scarcely have ever been known to Dartmouth—let alone Trafalgar Square—so puny and highly strung a boy was Horatio measured by to-day's naval standards.

Yet if ever destiny stamped a man with the mark of greatness, it was Nelson, quite apart from his gift for firing the imagination with his own emotion. Not that all fell under his spell. Many are said to have sympathized with Admiral Collingwood's muttering, on that great day of the "England expects . . ." signal, some words to the effect that he wished Nelson would stop sending this sort of sentimental nonsense.

How magnificent were Nelson's dying words a few hours later: "Thank God I have done my duty."

Admiral Beatty had something of that same gift for exciting the interest which was denied to the soberer Jellicoe. Now the future will be able to see them as twin bronze busts—these two last of the admirals of the Battleship Age who lived to the dawn of the Age of Air.

ICONFESS that I have never been able to discover what useful purpose is served by locking up wild animals in cages and exhibiting them to human ones.

Interesting or diverting, if you like; I can think of few more entertaining imitations than that given of elderly company chairmen by the troupe of penguins in the Zoo in Regent's Park, with their evident disdain of the public, and their gloomy little conferences with each other as they waddle off for a nap in the club library.

If scientists could only translate for us their conversation, the imprisonment of all these animals might be justified.

SOME fifteen years ago I was taken by a Fellow to visit a young chimpanzee at the Zoo. It was a bitter February day and we by-passed a shivering queue to pay our personal compliments to the animal, ensconced in air-conditioned luxury. From behind the scenes we were able to see the gaping faces of the populace as it was herded past the plate-glass windows of the chimpanzee's apartment.

It was a spectacle that might have extracted a satisfied chuckle from Mr. Darwin.

The chimpanzee looked bored, and, if using its brain at all, must have thought what a lot of darn fools people were to come out on a cold afternoon for a minute's glimpse of one small animal.

It was *The Times* that sent us last week to see the Zoo again for the first time since the war.

In its gravely whimsical way, *The Times* had tailed-off several columns of Anglo-Soviet discord with a paragraph faintly suggestive of hope. "A month ago the Zoological Society of London sent to the Moscow Zoo a collection of animals," it said, "a chimpanzee, some monkeys, a leopard, a toucan and a hornbill."

One imagines that Moscow had to consider the political import of the gift carefully before acceptance. The inclusion of a couple of roaring lions would obviously have been British imperialist propaganda.

All being well, Moscow returned the courtesy with "a fine adult snow leopard, a male northern lynx, a lammergeyer (or bearded vulture—the largest European bird of prey) and five red-breasted geese."

The male northern lynx was a romantic gesture on Moscow's part when it learned that a female northern lynx was languishing love-lorn in London.

Alas, none of these animals were on view! They were blockaded behind literal "iron curtains" and there will remain in quarantine for the prescribed six months.

So we had to be content with the fully naturalized animals, few of which seemed so much in evidence as the hordes of children and hundreds of thousands of London sparrows.

ABOOK on the work of Phil May brings back memories to those who knew that mischievous Bohemian of fifty years ago.

Just as jokes are pinned on a recognized wit to enhance their value—how Oscar Wilde and Beerbohm Tree must have suffered!—so many of the alleged exploits of *Punch's* great illustrator of Cockney life were probably imagined. One that I believe true was told me by the man who took part in the incident. After a very late night at the old Savage Club in Adelphi Terrace, the red-nosed Mr. May was in a condition which prompted the good samaritan to get him home. He was poured into a four-wheeler and they set off for darkest Chelsea. He got Phil May up the stairs,

removed some of his clothes and settled him down for the night.

Then the good samaritan found that the cabby on no account would take him to his own address in St. John's Wood. So he had to set off in pouring rain to tramp the miles back to Adelphi Terrace. As the night porter let him in, sounds of revelry came down from the club's bar, euphemistically known as the "North West Room."

There he found Phil May, his feet on the fender, a cigar in one hand, a whisky and soda in the other, hugely enjoying life.

"Tableaux!!!" as *Punch* would have said.

I LIKED, too, the tale of his being locked in a theatrical costumier's in Soho Square one Sunday so that he should complete a long-promised contract for some stage designs. To make certain, the costumier took away his clothes during the Saturday night.

That was nothing to Phil May. He arrived as usual in the old Leicester Lounge, but dressed as something half between Henry VIII and the Prince Regent. He was carrying a halberd for good measure, as he said it was raining.

There are still some eccentrics left, but precious few.

Perhaps they are better in retrospect than in the flesh. One of the best known of contemporary eccentrics becomes a bore with his whimsies.

THERE is a story of two young married people which has the quality of a morality tale and an ending not unworthy of Mr. Somerset Maugham in one of his more gently satirical moods.

When I say "young" I mean in the middle thirties, and when they were married their world was still a fairly gay affair. She had had her picture taken, of course, lying asleep clasping two lilies, while he was, of course, in His Majesty's Brigade of Guards.

They were of the "Young Smarts" and their lives both before and after marriage—at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of course—ran in carefully prescribed circles. They were in no sense innovators, but carefully followed the fashion.

You could be safe in betting that they would have a table at the opening of any smart new West End restaurant, and would almost certainly be at the first night of the kind of play which even before it opens is whispered to be "smart."

Yet they hardly ever used the word "smart," because, of course, it was not very smart to do so.

The war came, and their lives, as far as one knows, followed a familiar course. At the end of the five years they were both alive. There were no children.

THEN something seems to have gone wrong. One was told that they had parted. No third parties were mentioned. It seemed just one of those marriages which were unable to survive the buffetings of a disturbed social world. No one heard from them for some time.

Yet they reappeared, he saying nothing in a jocular way behind his moustachios, and she looking very smart in something that made the "New Look" outdated, and talking in her high, breathless and oddly accented manner.

It turned out that they were still together.

"My dear," she explained, "of course he became quite impossible and the whole thing was getting too disastrous, but then we talked it over and finally agreed that we simply couldn't be divorced! The most dreadful people are doing it every day. . . . I mean, literally, it's become madly unsmart."

"So we decided to be just happily married . . . you see?"

—Gordon Beckles

COUPON REDUCTION



From this day on potatoes are not mine
Nor carbohydrates—not the smallest piece;
I must take medicines to make me pine.
Do exercises lest I more increase.

Not for my beauty's sake, for that is past,
Nor, being married, to seduce the male—
It is this coat and skirt, this costume . . . blast!
Each time I try to do the zip I fail.



I have no coupons; I must thin again,
My doctor shall prescribe the hormone pill.
I have no money either; I must wane
I must get worried and be very ill.

Il faut souffrir, they say, *pour être beau*,
Or, as applied to me, *pour être belle*.
But *être belle* is not my motive. No,
Coupons it is that make me go through hell.

There was a time when with the spreading years
One took to flowing garments, and relaxed.
Now one must suffer blood and sweat and tears—
One is uncouped, one is over-taxed.

O for sufficient money to be gross!
O for sufficient coupons to be fat!
Meanwhile, the daily dozen, nightly dose—
This is my only costume; that is that.

—Justin Richardson



THE AUTUMN SHADES CLOSE IN upon a young and blithe wanderer in Hainault Forest, Essex, who has been enjoying an October of a warmth almost without precedent; a small but welcome recompense for a summer of frustrated harvest hopes, sodden holidays and vicious storms

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Saloon Bar"
(Garrick)

A SALOON bar should always (to my thinking) be a survival from the past. The past need not be very remote and I have no romantic allegiance to oak beams, but it should be at least far enough away for us to feel that we have by happy chance cast anchor for a brief while in a cosier age than our own.

The saloon bar of the "Cap and Bells" (in which the whole of the action takes place) pretty well satisfies this requirement. When I first spent an evening there in 1939 it seemed a typical London survival of Edwardian leisureliness; now, revisited after long absence, it has the nostalgic properties of 1939. There is plenty of light and there is plenty of beer. Whisky costs 8d. a tot and unfailingly appears on request. No one inquires in an ingratiating undertone for cigarettes.

That is good enough. That is as near to the golden age as anyone to-day can persuade us that we have been brought.

ONE dwells on the atmosphere of the "Cap and Bells" because it is a great part of the entertainment. We are set down for the evening in a real London "pub," and if we do not quite believe in the regulars when they turn amateur detectives, we not only believe in them but like them when they devote themselves to the odds and ends of life which

make up the eternal comedy of the barside.

There has been one regrettable change since 1939. The deep seats of faded plush which then communicated to the audience something of that blissful feeling of ease after labour which they were designed to produce in customers have given place to seats of a hard, dingy green.

IT remains, however, an admirable setting alike for comedy and crime. Without dramatic incongruity anyone may drift in at any moment and exchange a word with anyone else. Casual gossip may spin a plot which informal cross-examination may unravel. The perpendicular drinker at the bar may be guilty of the crime for which a man has just been sentenced to death; and the regulars in their regular corners may be amateur detectives to a man, inspiration flowing with each fresh sip or draught.

If we do not quite believe in the detectives, that is perhaps because the luck comes their way a little too consistently and what should be the haphazard collecting of evidence proceeds too straightforwardly. But the author, Mr. Frank Harvey, shows much skill in the not altogether easy task of interfusing his comedy with the crook drama so that, when things are going well, neither gets in the way

of the other. The humour remains throughout pleasantly close to reality, and the excitement of testing, as Mr. Wodehouse might say, the quality of the Double Scotch is often a genuine excitement.

Mr. Gordon Harker is, of course, perfectly suited to a part which calls on him for a more or less continuous display of the gay Cockney irony, to be a master of the Parthian shot, and to mask a tender heart with a truculent manner and a sense of justice with technical excellence in the gentle art of getting drinks stood him out of turn. Nor is there reason to suppose that the foaming pint which Mr. Harker to the admiring envy of all beholders drains from a glass without drawing breath is really cold tea. The rest of his performance is almost as real as that part of it.

THERE is a variety of good parts in which Mr. Alexander Field (obviously at home in all his sententious grandeur in the "Cap and Bells" and nowhere else), Miss Gladys Henson (the warm-hearted Ma of the saloon bar), Miss Peggy Livesey (the tawdry but exciting barmaid) and Mr. Norman Pierce (who has only ceased for a while to be a publican while he lugubriously bears the burden of the expectant father) shine with the great lustre of figures in a Sickert drawing.



"Murder Will Out" continues to be a true saying, even in a saloon bar with a host of amateur detectives. Queenie, Sally and Fred the bar-boy (Myrtle Reed, Gladys Henson and David Crosse) gloat over the discomfiture of Peter (Max Helpmann), whose alibi is being torn to shreds in a scathing cross-examination by Joe (Gordon Harker). Also giving their views on the solution of the crime are Angela Kirk as a barmaid and Alexander Field as the regular of all regulars in the "Cap and Bells"



Devised and Photographed by Angus McBean

MARIUS GORING and his wife, Lucie Mannheim, who are taking a leading part in the Arts Theatre Festival, are here seen in their respective rôles in Shaw's *Too True to be Good* and Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*. They are now staging the last play of the Festival, Gogol's *Marriage*, and are opening the winter season at the same theatre with fifteen performances of *The Third Man* by Louis Verneuil, a study in jealousy for two characters only. Marius Goring, it will be recollected, scored a great success in two recent films, *The Red Shoes* and *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*. Lucie Mannheim, who had made a Continental reputation before coming to London in 1935, has also appeared in several films, and during the war frequently made B.B.C. broadcasts to Germany

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Dream Boy

GR EAT comedians have never been an unmixed blessing in the theatre. They suffer from one serious disability; they cannot be on the stage the whole time. For years librettists of one-man-show revues and musical comedies have laboured unsuccessfully to preserve the audience from boredom while the star is changing, resting or getting his or her breath. I remember a pre-war Beatrice Lillie revue when the desperate measure was applied of alternating Bea Lillie with Flanagan and Allen so that most of the Crazy Gang fans in the audience wanted to come out during Miss Lillie's numbers and most of hers during theirs.

Screen comedians should obviously be spared this particular handicap, for there is nothing to stop them from being on the screen all the time. This is the thought for to-morrow I feel inclined to offer Sam Goldwyn after seeing Danny Kaye in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* at the Prince of Wales.

IT was an attractive inspiration to star Danny Kaye in the Thurber story of the little man who escaped from his dominant, prosaic wife—the boggy of every Thurber drawing—into day-dreams of which he was the hero.

Wherever the film follows Thurber into Walter Mitty's original dreams it confirms the soundness of the inspiration. As Dr. Mitty the great surgeon in the operating-room, Kaye seems to be the personification of Thurber; as Group Captain Mitty of the R.A.F., the perfection of his imitation of the English type is Thurber plus—plus Kaye.

There are also passages of pure Kaye for which anything may be forgiven. The music professor conducting his symphony is reminiscent of the cinema attendant in *Up in Arms* giving the queue customers his version of the film, if a shade less hilarious. There is a tea-party, however, where the real Mitty negotiates a tea-cup and chair with sliding cushion which contains the embarrassment of a lifetime of balancing teacups.

Mr. Kaye's style has something in common with Beatrice Lillie's: the gift of seeming to need no material, just a bare stage—or set—to be funny on. Cues, realistic dialogue, other members of the cast are apt to get in the way.

Thurber's classic five-page short story, however, has been inflated into close on two hours of Technicolor film not notably different from Betty Hutton's recent *Dream Girl*, which was a briefer and neater if not a wittier job. The forbidding wife has become a doting if distracted mother

(Fay Bainter); and Mitty's dreams—which should be an escape from all womankind—are haunted by a blonde to rescue (Virginia Mayo), who entangles him in real life with a wholly super-numerary gang of international crooks led by Boris Karloff.

Too much of this is neither Kaye nor Thurber. But if all non-Kaye material were cut ruthlessly from the too-long film, the whole might be as gloriously funny as the parts.

DISAPPOINTMENT is a luxury film critics can only rarely afford. I permitted myself deep disappointment over *Le Diable au Corps* (Studio One) which arrives loaded with international prizes, heralded by glowing reports; in addition one of the prizes had been for the performance of Gérard Philipe, the young actor who was so impressive as the Prince in Dostoevsky's *L'Idiot*.

Claude Autant-Lara has directed, it is true, with the same extreme sensitivity to atmosphere and period (1917) that he showed in *Douce*. Allowing for his liking for the kind of fuzzy photography

French directors seem to think romantic (as in Duvivier's *Anna Karenina*) he creates interiors—the heroine's bedroom by fire-light, the hero's family dinner-table—or outdoor scenes on the Marne with a tenderness for his material that is exquisite.

The trouble is that he treats his characters rather as so much more material for the sets, and that he seems to have even less to say that is original than in *Douce*. *Le Diable au Corps* (from a novel by Raymond Radiguet) is nothing but a story of young love. But the love affair is between a school-

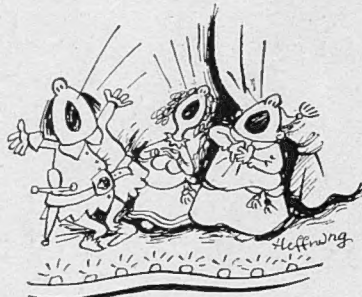
boy and a young married woman (Micheline Presle) who only want the war to go on as long as possible and keep her husband away in the trenches.

SUCH a situation can only command interest if (as in *Brief Encounter*) the lovers are sympathetic characters or the film makes their passion convincing enough to sweep the spectator into sympathy against all taste and judgment. Both M. Philipe and Mlle Presle are to me immensely sympathetic players. But I sat stonily unmoved by the rough course of their passion; longing only to shake a dreamy boy so vague about life that he lets his beloved both pay the fares and row the boat and then go home bearing his child to her deceived husband.

Beautifully done, it is true, but not beautifully



Dr. Mitty-Kaye prepares to operate



"Everybody was singing magnificently"

enough to make one care what happened to either of them. Perhaps I should know of Radiguet's novel. I am not surprised to learn (from the latest issue of *Sequence*) that he wrote it when he was seventeen and that he was "a protégé of Cocteau, youngest initiate to an artistic circle headed by Picasso." For *Le Diable au Corps* seems to me to have something of what is rotten in the state of France.

A BOARD *Sleeping Car to Trieste* (Leicester Square Theatre) is a familiar British studios' cosmopolitan cast. Albert Lieven, Paul Dupuis, Bonar Colleano, David Tomlinson and Alan Wheatley play their usual characters; Jean Kent as a Balkan *femme fatale*, and Derrick de Marney as an amorous solicitor have more of a change; and Rona Anderson as the solicitor's companion is a new face but not strikingly so.

The story is the usual transcontinental train tale of Balkan intrigue with comic relief from fatuous Englishmen and funny foreigners. Nothing is very original but the out-of-window scenery is not too badly done (with gaps) and the old mixture well enough shaken up to pass the time quite pleasantly for anyone who happens to be passing the cinema.

At the London Pavilion, *Intrigue* reminded me of so many films about affectionate American commercial pilots in the Far East caught up in smuggling rackets organized by improbable females, that the only novelty which intrigued me was the sight of George Raft's face under a funny Chinese hat.

I AM prepared to give *Rigoletto* at least half the benefit of the doubt. It is simple photographed opera (like the previous Italian *Barber of Seville*) with artists of the calibre of Pagliughi (heard but not seen) and Tito Gobbi (heard and seen). Everybody was evidently singing magnificently but in the small private theatre where I heard the film, their voices blasted and shrieked unbearably. This may be partly due to poor recording, but with better sound projection and acoustics at the Rialto this photographed opera should be at least as worth risking, for us who are cut off from Italian opera, as photographed plays are worthwhile for those cut off from the metropolitan theatre.

C. B. COCHRAN

—Sir Charles—as seen by *The Tatler's* artist Emmwood, who now forsakes his much applauded satirical style (the Westminster Warblers, Warrior Warblers, etc.) to present celebrities of our day and age as seen through a somewhat kinder spyglass. "C. B." was born in Sussex in 1872 and since the nineties has probably been responsible for amusing more people in more diverse ways than any other single figure in the theatre. His genius for presenting anything on a stage or in a ring has in its time embraced every kind of entertainment, from roller skating to Ibsen and from boxing matches to Duse, and he is now riding on the crest of the most successful production of his career, *Bless the Bride*, the musical show at the Adelphi. Sir Charles, who is a Governor and Member of the Council of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and President of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, received his knighthood in this year's New Year Honours





The very smartly-turned-out Ladies' Hunter class lined up for judging. Hunter trials were also combined with the horse show, which was held at The Lakes, Haines Hill

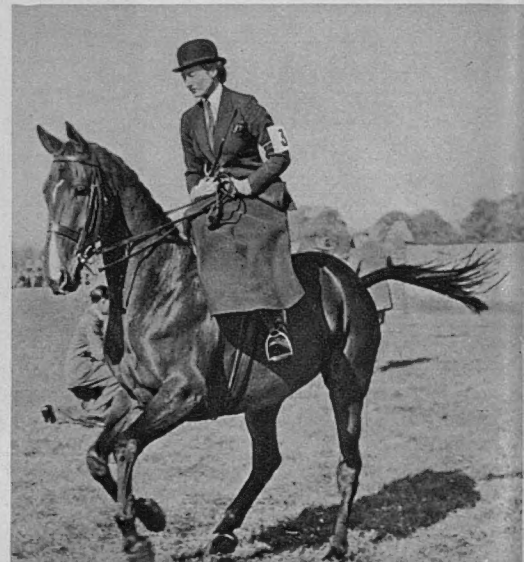
THE GARTH HUNT HOLD THEIR HORSE SHOW AT TWYFORD, BERKS



Major J. A. H. Mitchell jumping the seventh fence on William, in the hunter trials



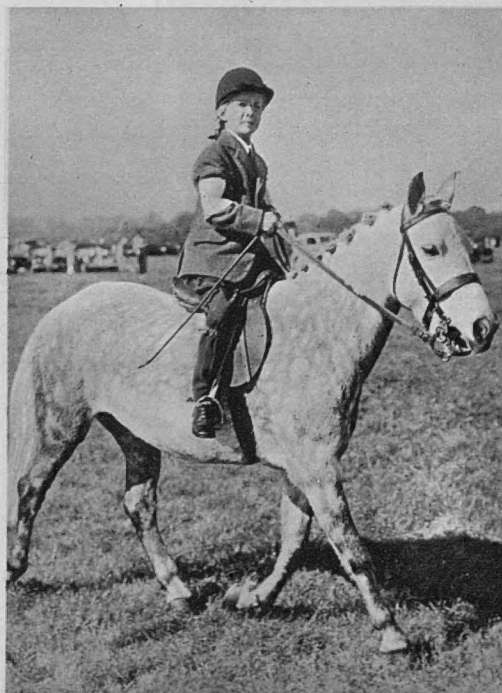
A fine jump by Mrs. J. Sheddon on the Cotswold Equitation School's Bomb Happy



Mrs. D. Bourne on Mr. Eric Wilson's Holyport, winner of the Ladies' Hunter Class



The Earl of Dudley talking to the Countess, who competed in the Open Jumping



Miss Susan Aird on her father, Col. Sir John Aird, Bt.'s, Misty in a children's pony class



Jennifer Skelton, of Andover, who took the first prize in both classes open to children



The Hampshire Hunt trio in full flight over a fence in the keenly-contested Team Competition in the hunter trials

HUNTING NOTES

CAPT. MAURICE KINGSCOTE and Col. Sir Ian Walker are entering their twelfth season as Joint Masters of the Meynell, and are being joined this year by Mr. Stephen Player, who will hunt hounds on by-days. The great success of the kennel at Peterborough Foxhound Show was most pleasing to the Hunt's puppy walkers and followers. A good average of cubs has so far been accounted for, and all prospects point to an excellent season.

THE South Herts Beagles are anticipating a good season and have thirteen couples of useful sorts in kennel at Beaumont Hall, Redbourn. They spent a capital fortnight up in Northumberland in September, twelve couples being in temporary kennels at Rothbury. They hunted six days a week and all the young hounds entered well.

At Longframlington, hounds found at once and were running hard for nearly 2½ hours with scarcely a check, while from Shiel Dykes they had a 2-mile point. On another day, from Reaveley, they scored a fine hound hunt of forty minutes. The pack are now hunting in their own country with Capt. Frank Goddard-Jackson, the Master,

hunting hounds. Unfortunately, he has indicated that he is giving up at the end of this season.

CUBHUNTING is gradually getting into full swing in Lincolnshire, but, at time of writing, owing to the backward harvest, some of the county packs have yet to make a start. Members of the various pony clubs having gone back to school, the fields have been smaller than usual. A hunting man had an unusual experience while motoring from Grantham the other evening. A fox appeared just in front of his car and ran in front of it for over a mile.

The Belvoir, under Major Hanbury, and the Blankney, now controlled by Mr. J. G. Henson, of Boothby Graffoe, are finding foxes wherever they go, and in the former country during the harvest (Folkingham district) three were seen to leave a field of wheat while cutting was going on.

THE season's prospects with the Enfield Chace Foxhounds are excellent, with Mr. A. R. Frogley continuing as Master and Mr. Tim

Muxworthy carrying the horn for his third season as amateur huntsman. There is one change, Jim Halliday (who was well known in the adjoining Old Berkeley country in the late Squire "Teddy" Drake's time) is now kennel huntsman to the Enfield Chace and Tom Stevens is whipping in. With a capital, keen pack of young hounds (only a couple and a half of bitches are over four seasons), cub-hunting started in a thick fog. Conditions were better for the following meet, however, and hounds accounted for a brace of cubs in Bedwell Park.

SINCE mid-September Whaddon Chase hounds have been out twice a week after the cubs. The first occasion was a children's meet at High Havens, when good sport was enjoyed.

On the 25th hounds found a good supply of foxes in Lt.-Col. Selby-Lowndes' grand covert, College Wood. A strong litter of cubs was afoot at Aston Abbots a day or two later, and hounds were unlucky to go unrewarded.



Miss Gillian Cadogan, youngest daughter of the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Theodosia Cadogan, was married recently at St. Peter's, Vere Street, to Mr. Patrick Crichton, youngest son of Col. the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, of Queen's Acre, Windsor. The bride and bridegroom are seen below leaving the church. Miss Cadogan was given away by her father, who is Britain's Permanent Representative to the United Nations. The bride's attendants were the bridegroom's sister, Miss Ann Crichton, Miss Caro, and the bride's niece, Lavinia Coke. Major Richard Crichton, brother of the bridegroom, was best man

Jennifer writes

HER



Court News: Empire affairs dominated the Royal programme at Buckingham Palace after Their Majesties' return from Balmoral; besides the formal reception for the delegates to the African Colonial Conference and the dinner-party for the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth, the King and Queen arranged to give a special cocktail party for the delegates to the Empire Parliamentary Union Conference—a mark of Royal appreciation of the work of a body whose members get but little public recognition for their valuable services to the cause of Imperial unity.

Cocktail parties of this kind, which were practically unknown at the Palace in pre-war days, are now a recognised part of the Royal schedule of entertainment, and all who have been invited to such a function would agree that they provide a unique link between the King and Queen and their subjects from various parts of the Empire. Held in the formal surroundings of the State Rooms of the Palace, with all the accompanying grandeur of liveried servants, red carpets, white and gold decorations, and a Guards band playing soft background music, there is always an atmosphere of happy informality. It is Sir Piers Legh—otherwise "Joey"—who, as Master of the Household, is responsible for the arrangements on these occasions, and the King and Queen have often acknowledged their gratitude to him for the smooth organisation of these and other functions at the Palace.

W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, former Battle of Britain fighter ace, who has been Acting Master of the Household while the Court has been in Scotland, is tipped as the most likely successor to Sir Piers when he retires, possibly at the end of the year, from one of the most difficult of Royal Household posts.

I WENT down to Reading for the first regional conference to be held by the St. John Ambulance Brigade, that wonderful organisation which voluntarily does so much for so many human beings, both in peacetime and in war. This conference was largely convened and organised by the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, the County Superintendent for Berkshire and a very live wire in the organisation, who took the chair at the conference. Mrs. Gamage opened the proceedings with a brief speech in which she said how delighted she was to see so many representatives of St. John in the uniform which is now to be found in all parts of the world. She congratulated the County Commissioner for Berkshire, Mr. C. A. Poole, who was president of the conference, for being made a Commander of St. John.

It was an impressive sight to see the 170 nursing officers in uniform from Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Dorset, Hertfordshire and Oxfordshire, who had gathered together in mid-morning to listen to the speakers. The first was Miss Harrison, Chief Staff Officer, Nursing Divisions, H.Q., who gave a very informative talk on "Brigade Forms." She was followed by Mrs. Girouard, the very youthful-looking Assistant Superintendent-in-Chief, who spoke brilliantly for half an hour without a single note. Mrs. Girouard, who is a daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and granddaughter of the first Duke of Westminster, spoke about the co-ordination of adult and cadet nursing divisions, and stressed the importance of adults and cadets in the Brigade working together, and that

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youth in the Brigade must be encouraged to come on to take the place of older members who give up, so that the chain of service will never be broken.

UNFORTUNATELY, I could not stay for the afternoon session, when Miss Ceris Jones, Matron of Westminster Hospital, spoke on St. John help in hospitals, and Dr. Gordon Wallace spoke on the Brigade and the National Health Service. At the end of each talk there was a discussion when anyone present could ask questions, and many knotty problems were straightened out during the day. The Mayor and Mayoress of Reading came in the morning and so did Lady Loraine, one of the vice-presidents. She sat next to the Hon. Mrs. Cubitt, County Superintendent for Hampshire, who told me she had just returned by air from a wonderful trip in Canada, where she met many representatives of St. John and exchanged views and ideas with them.

Mrs. Beckwith-Smith, the former very popular Assistant Superintendent-in-Chief, was there, and so was Lady Denham, Mrs. Cooper, who had



The Earl and Countess of Athlone arriving at St. Peter's, Vere Street, for the wedding of Mr. Patrick Crichton and Miss Gillian Cadogan

come up from Dorset, and Miss Fanshawe, Superintendent for Oxfordshire.

MANY of the American colony in London went to the farewell party given by Major Norman Fraser on relinquishing his appointment as military liaison officer to the United States Embassy. Major Fraser has done this job excellently for over two years, creating a true feeling of friendship and understanding between our soldiers and the U.S. military forces stationed over here. During the evening Lt.-Col. Allen presented him with a silver cigarette-case from U.S. officers at the headquarters.

Among those I met at the party were Major-General Leonard, the U.S. Military Attaché, with Mrs. Leonard, Brig.-Gen. Thomas Power, the U.S. Military Air Attaché, Cdre. and Mrs. Tully Shelley, Lt.-Col. Stuart Don and his pretty wife, Miss Sharman Douglas, who was chatting to Mr. Billy Wallace, and nearby, Lady Eden with her eldest daughter, Anne, talking to Capt. Fred Hall of the U.S. Army. Prince

George of Denmark, who is Assistant Military Attaché at the Danish Legation, came in uniform. He is one of the most democratic Royal Princes in Europe, with a charming, easy manner. He was talking to Major Fraser's successor, Major Peter Flower, and his tall, attractive wife.

OTHERS at the party included Lord and Lady Cathcart, Col. Crewe Reid and his good-looking wife, who hails from South Africa, Mr. Paul Warburg, Le Chevalier Jean Bourguignon chatting to Miss Marjorie Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. David Thomasson, Major Anthony Rugge-Price and the Marquess of Milford Haven, who later went on as I did to see the première of *The Fallen Idol*, in which nine-year-old Bobby Henrey plays the long part of the little boy so magnificently.

IN the absence abroad of the Italian Ambassador and Duchessa Gallarati-Scotti, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires and his very attractive wife, Mrs. Anzillotti, received the guests at a reception given at the Italian Embassy in honour of the Italian players who came over here for the week's Italian Stage Festival. This festival was a gesture on behalf of the Italian Government and the Municipality of Venice to give London some idea of the contemporary Italian theatre. They sent three companies who performed in four plays. Guido Salvini, Director of the Festival, was at the reception and very worried, as the scenery and costumes for *Oedipus*, which they were opening with that night, had gone astray between Paris and Dunkirk, and the actors had to perform in overalls.

Among others I met at this party were Ruggero Ruggeri, who brought the last Italian Company to London in 1926; Andreina Pagnani, leading lady of the Venice Company; Renzo Ricci and Vittorio Gassman.

WITH the approach of winter many women have been attending the autumn dress shows to help them make their choice of winter clothes, which in these days of coupons and high cost have to be very carefully considered. Norman Hartnell, who is already busy working on designs for clothes for the Queen and Princess Margaret for their forthcoming tour of Australia and New Zealand, showed a big and delightful collection of very wearable clothes, which included a lot of black. Incidentally, it is interesting to hear that Mr. Hartnell is himself going out to Australia early in the New Year and sponsoring a collection which is sure to enhance the prestige of British couture in the Commonwealth.

In his grey-green salon I saw the Countess of Normanton choosing clothes, also Lady Pulbrook, who is easily one of the best-dressed women in England to-day. Others looking at this collection included Lady Serena James, Lady Ivor Spencer-Churchill, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lady Honor Llewellyn, Mrs. Whitfield, the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, and the Countess of Bessborough, whom I saw one morning looking at Angele Delanghe's collection in her new showroom at Fortnum's. Others at Mme. Delanghe's collection included the Hon. Mrs. Hiley Bathurst and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Parshall, Mrs. Colin Buist and the Hon. Mrs. "Bobbie" Burns.

NEXT day I went along to Grafton Street to see Wallace's winter collection, which really was excellent throughout, finishing with some lovely evening dresses. Here I met Lady Madden, who told me she had just returned from America, and sitting near us were Lady Bridget Poulett, Mrs. Anthony Norman, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Thellusson, Lady Vincent,



Sir Alexander Cadogan, who made a special journey from the U.N. meeting at Paris to attend his daughter's wedding, leaving for the church

Mrs. Alec Waugh and Lady Priscilla Aird. Molyneux's grey showrooms were crowded for the first afternoon showing of his collection, which is a much bigger one than usual, and as good as ever. The Marchioness of Willingdon, in a long flame-red coat, was sitting in the front row, and nearby were Mrs. Moresby, Mrs. Edgar, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grimston and her daughter Rose, Mrs. Hugh Campbell in black, and Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, who told me she has just returned from a wonderful holiday in Italy. Among the young marrieds were Lady Lloyd and Mrs. Gerald Legge. Two other attractive young marrieds sitting together looking at Victor Stiebel's collection were the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Caroline Waterhouse, and also there contemplating the winter clothes were Lady Georgina Curzon, the Duchess of Portland, Joyce Grenfell and Ann Todd.

THE Queen has graciously consented to attend the R.A.D.A. all-star matinee at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, next Tuesday, October 26th. The Countess of Cromer is Chairman of this matinee, which is being given in aid of the fund for rebuilding the Malet Street theatre of R.A.D.A. Many clever past students of R.A.D.A., including Celia Johnson, Flora Robson, Charles Laughton, Sonia Dresdel, Cedric Hardwicke and Ronald Squire, have promised to appear in the three pieces to be presented.

The following week, on November 2nd and 5th, the Empire Day Movement, as a special gesture to the King and Queen prior to their departure for Australia and New Zealand, have organised two matinees of *The Great Endeavour*, by Christopher Hassall. The cast will include Margaretta Scott and Ernest Milton, and the Covent Garden Opera chorus will sing. All proceeds of these matinees will be devoted to Empire education in schools. Lord Milverton is chairman of these matinees, and tickets can be obtained from him at 1, Air Street, W.1.

WE recently published a photograph of a group taken at the Aboyne Highland Gathering, in which the name of the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair was omitted and she was described as Mrs. Bowhill, who was also in the group. Our sincerest apologies to both ladies.



Major-Gen. A. D. Ward, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Colonel of the Regiment, salutes the Colours at the parade which amalgamated the First and Second Battalions

Liverpool Greet Its Own Regiment

At Liverpool recently the King's Regiment held their Regimental Week. It began with an invitation cricket match at Aigburth, when the Regiment were the hosts and Liverpool Cricket Club the guests, and other events included the annual March Past and Memorial Service in the city



Lt.-Col. E. C. Adam playing in the foursomes of the Regimental Golf Tournament at Formby



Lt.-Gen. Sir Frank Simpson, G.O.C.-in-C., Western Command, talking to Lt.-Col. K. S. Binny



The Earl of Derby, who commands the Fifth Battalion, talking to Mrs. O. I. Atkins. The Earl won the M.C. in Italy during the war, with the Grenadier Guards



Brig. J. H. Hardy, Colonel of the King's Own, chatting with Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. K. Short



Brig. D. Mills Roberts (centre) discusses the week's celebrations with Major-Gen. and Mrs. A. D. Ward

A Belgian Investiture in Lincoln's Inn



Lord Portal of Hungerford being decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Crown, with palm, and Croix de Guerre, with palm



H.E. Vicomte Alain Obert de Thieusies, the Belgian Ambassador, recently held an investiture in Lincoln's Inn, presenting decorations to members of the three Services for their assistance to Belgium during the war. Above is the scene in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn during the ceremony



Controller Mary Frances Coulshed, the only woman decorated, was made a Knight of the Order of Leopold, with palm



Lt.-Col. P. J. Johnson receiving the award of Officer of the Order of the Crown



Brig. J. A. Bell was made a Commander of the Order of Leopold II., with palm



Miss Phyllis Sullivan with Mr. Joe McGrath, the owner, who sold some lots from his Brownstown Stud



Mr. I. Y. Kirkpatrick, owner of Grand Weather, with his sister-in-law, Mrs. K. C. Kirkpatrick, wife of Lt.-Cdr. Kirkpatrick, of Co. Down



Mrs. P. Edge, joint-Master of the Island Foxhounds, Co. Wexford, with her daughters, the Misses Diana and Patricia Edge



Three owners discuss the prices: Major A. J. Scratchley, Mr. N. Galway-Greer and Viscount Adare



An entry being walked round the enclosure before prospective bidders. Many English trainers and owners were present



Capt. and Mrs. P. G. Grey, from the south. Mrs. Grey is a former Master of the West Waterford Hounds



The Hon. Gerald Wellesley, the trainer, watching the parade of yearlings with Mrs. D. Lysley

Dublin Bloodstock Sales at Ballsbridge

Fennell, Dublin



Lady Maureen Brabazon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Meath, with Sir Frederick Bathurst, Bt., and Lady Bathurst



The Earl and Countess of Harrington, from Co. Limerick, with the Hon. Mr. W. E. Wylie, K.C.



Major Weaver discussing the catalogue with Lord Rathdonnell, who came up from Carlow



Miss Olwen Mordant Smith with Prince D'Ardua Caracciolo, both from Waterford

In Paris

A Brilliant Wedding Opened the Season

HAVING left the Island in the early morning for the 500-kilometre run up to town, I expected to be in Paris in plenty of time for the Duncannon-Munn wedding that was to take place in the afternoon. Miss Chrysler 1926 decided otherwise; but since she so rarely misbehaves, I refuse to dwell on this lapse; besides, driving straight to the American Church on the Avenue Georges V., I saw the bride and bridegroom just as they were leaving between the double line of a guard of honour formed by members of the R.A.F. Association in Paris and the American Legion.

I then dashed home, dusted and dipped myself, and departed Ritz-ward for the wedding reception. The Place Vendôme was packed with cars, and I had to drive four times round the historical bronze column that Napoleon built in 1805 with the metal of the cannons captured from the enemy before I could find parking room between a dignified Rolls and Hélène Perrière's smart little one-and-a-half liter. Dismayed by the crush within Mme. César Ritz's distinguished porch, I presented my good wishes from afar, trusting telepathy to bridge the distance.

THE good-looking young couple were surrounded by all the *beau monde* of Paris in its best attire. There were the loveliest frocks—the real Molyneux festival frock from the bride's white tulle dress, worn with a veil trimmed with Venetian point that has been in her mother's family for seven generations, to the charming matrons' gowns of peach-coloured taffetas and the creations worn by Lady Oliver Harvey, the Comtesse Victor de Lesseps, Mrs. Eric Loder, Lady Diana Cooper and Mrs. Salisbury Jones, to name but a few.

Norma Shearer, who was looking as young and lovely as when she played Juliet to Leslie Howard's Romeo in the dear, dull days before the war, was followed around by the usual crowd of autograph hunters; Noel Coward was forced to "oblige" also, and even Pastor Boegner was bothered by their unwelcome but flattering demands.

Pastor Boegner, who is President of the French Protestant Federation and who did fine work with the underground movement during occupation, gave an address at the church during the wedding ceremony, at which Bishop Chambers and Dean Beckman officiated. Mme. Hubert Fauche, Pastor Boegner's sister-in-law, is one of my near and dear neighbours on the Island, and we were amused to find ourselves together again, in "haunts of gilded luxury" all dressed up in our best bibs and tuckers, enjoying a greatly needed cup of tea, when, only a few days before, we had shared a Thermos on the rocks of the Island during a prawning party, wearing abbreviated costumes, green with age, faded by the sun, and comfortable as only very old garments can be.

Another summer Islander present was Mme. Deschellerins, who, under the pen-name of Pascale Olivier, is the author of several little volumes of exquisite verse. She has an amazing personality. Her moonbeam-coloured hair, blue eyes and pale complexion give one the impression of extreme fragility, but in reality

she is a fine all-round sportswoman. During the war she organised an ambulance unit in the Loiret and obtained the Occupier's permission to visit many prison camps—an exhausting job if there ever was one—where she was able to do a great deal for the men. Her daughter, Christiane, a sturdy, curly-haired brunette, has just returned from Indo-China, where, for her war services, she was decorated with the Médaille Militaire, rarely awarded to women, as well as the Croix de Guerre.

THE first really important theatrical event of the autumn season took place at the Théâtre Montparnasse recently, when the *répétition générale* of Steve Passeur's new play, entitled "107!", was given. It was important because Passeur is the author of many successful plays as well as just as many brilliantly interesting "flops." Because the Montparnasse, an ugly little theatre on a narrow, climbing, Left-bank street of music-halls, owes its present reputation to Gaston Baty, and because Marguerite Jamois, the theatre's leading lady, is a very great actress.

"107!" is a curious title. It stands for the hundred and seven minutes during which the first demonstrations of a hectic love-affair take place.

The story is of Rémi, a Lothario who marries one sister while loving another, and of the consequent deceptions and revelations. This continues for three whole years till the day when Estelle, hidden in a conveniently roomy cupboard where the cocktail-makings are kept, overhears a tender passage between her husband and her sister, and, as it is so aptly said in French, "plumbs the depth of their infamy"! Of course, the love-trysts of Rémi and Alma can only be described as "tender passages" if one compares these cynical lovers to the Abalone Eaters, who have to pound the flesh of that luscious shell-fish before it is tender enough to be eaten. Nevertheless, there is emotion and to spare going around. Estelle continues to love Rémi. Alma continues to worship him and he continues to worship her; but then, he also adores his young son, and this fact conveniently paves the way for a conventional third act.

WHEN all is discovered and the recriminations have died down, the sisters belatedly remember their relationship. Alma will give up Rémi, Estelle will take him far away from temptation. To make quite sure, Alma arranges a scene to make Rémi believe she has a new lover.

There are tears, oaths and, finally, door slammings. Alma remains alone, and one could almost feel sorry for her if one could get rid of the feeling that the handsome one is waiting just behind the door.

Marvellous acting. Clever lines. Definitely near-the-knuckle situations. Pleasant décor and several lovely frocks. The whole thing of the earth, earthy. The box office will be mobbed.

—Priscilla

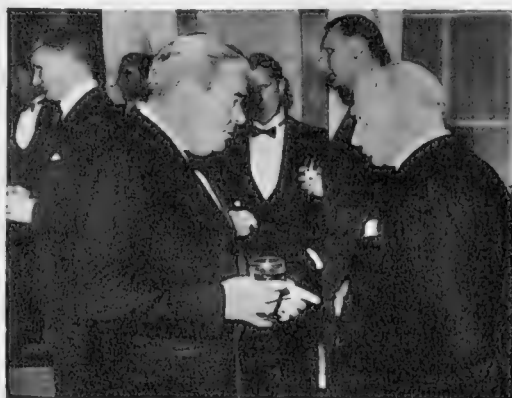


Air Vice-Marshal E. J. Cuckney, Assistant Controller of Supplies (Air) at the Ministry, talking to G/Capt. Silyn-Roberts, O.C. Experimental Flying, Farnborough

The Ministry of Supply Wine and Dine Test Pilots



Mr. Geoffrey Tyson (Saunders-Roe), with Capt. R. Shepherd (Rolls-Royce). The dinner was held at the Hyde Park Hotel



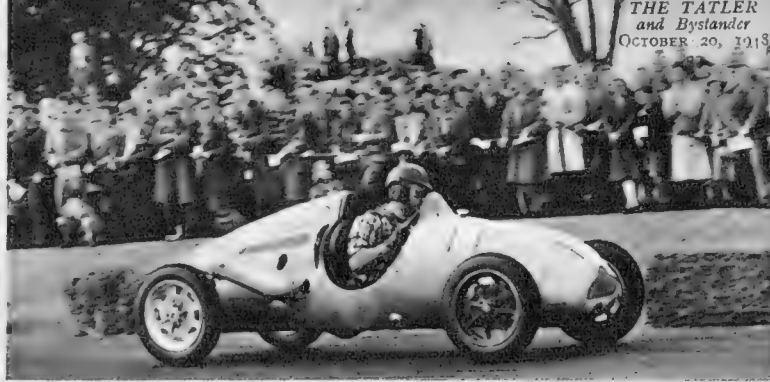
Capt. "Mutt" Summers (Vickers-Armstrong) and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, a Chief Adviser to the Ministry of Civil Aviation



Mr. Gordon Slade (Fairey), Mr. Arthur Pegg (Bristol) and Mr. Price Owen (Armstrong-Siddeley) were other chief test pilots there



Mr. Alfred Moss wishes good luck to his son, Stirling Moss, youngest driver in the 500 cc. race



Spike Rhiando driving his Cooper in the 50-mile, 500 cc. race which preceded the Grand Prix. He won it at 60.68 m.p.h.



P. W. K. Page's Cooper a turn in the "500" race, and

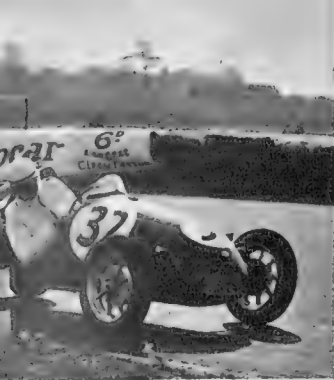
"The Tatler" watches—

THE FIRST R.A.C. GRAND PRIX IN ENGLAND SINCE 1927



The scene as competitors lined up for the R.A.C. International Grand Prix at Silverstone, Northants, aerodrome. The race was 65 laps of a 3½-mile course, and the first prize was £500

Swaebe



Smith's C.F.S. round cars started in this finished



Winner of the Grand Prix, Luigi Villorresi, driving his Maserati. He was last year's motor-racing champion of Italy



"B. Bira," who drove a Maserati entered by his cousin, Prince Chula of Siam



Earl Howe, one of the stewards, with the Marquess of Camden, a chief marshal



Mrs. F. Gerard, whose husband, driving a twelve-year-old E.R.A., was third in the Grand Prix



Capt. R. H. D. Bolton, Chief Constable of Northampton, was in charge of organisation



Mrs. R. E. Dangerfield and the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Siddeley. The Hon. Cyril Siddeley is Lord Kenilworth's heir



Mr. R. A. Andrews with Lady Mary and Major R. E. Manningham-Buller, M.P.



The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon. The Duke was one of the stewards



The Hon. Mrs. J. B. Fermor-Hesketh, who came over from Towcester, with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Linnit



Col. and Mrs. Toler Aylward with Major L. P. Huggins, M.F.H., and Miss Rhona Parkinson



Countess Howe, with Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, in one of the grandstands



Mrs. W. Craig, Miss J. Lethbridge, and Mr. Jack Dunfee, the racing driver



Mr. A. Trew, Mr. N. Garrod and Mrs. A. Trew were three more of the spectators



Mr. R. Gresham Cooke, Major H. Stanley, Sir Everard D. Duncombe and Mrs. Gresham Cooke



Mrs. Alistair Mitchell with Rosemary Paul, David, Mark, Graham, Simon and Peter Close, Susan Mitchell and Sally Mitchell (with pony).



Col. and Mrs. A. D. R. Wingfield adjourn to their car for lunch, with their daughter Deirdre. The show was held in Watchett's Recreation Ground, Camberley



Mrs. C. G. Robins, Col. Sands, Col. Robins and the Misses Mary and Maureen Robins chatting in an interval between events



Miss Angela Brodie, daughter of Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bt., jumping on Bongo



Rosemary Hornby and Deirdre Wingfield dead-heat in the Musical Chairs. This very successful horse show and gymkhana was notable for the amount of encouragement given to junior riders



Peter Littlehales takes John Mead, on Squibbs, for an exercise run before his event



Miss Annabelle Stockwell, daughter of the Commandant of the R.M.A., clears the bar



Mr. G. P. Male and Mrs. Parker, wife of Lt.-Col. E. F. Parker, who judged the Children's Ponies Class

The Staff College and R.M.A. (Sandhurst) Draghounds Hold a Horse Show

Tasker, Press Illustrations



Lt. R. P. Norton, R.H.A., and Lt. J. C. Deverall taking the stakes in excellent style in the popular Pair Hunter jumping competition



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. E. Goodwin make a beautifully-timed jump in the Pair Hunter event, in which some very fine performances were witnessed



"... Virginia has always been a somewhat restless spot"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

UNREST among the Virginian tobacco-kings on the topic of British "discrimination" against their products may be mainly your family's fault, to mention no names.

Although full of whippoorwills and moonlight and lovelies calling in a sweet husky drawl from white-pillared Colonial porticos to chivalrous elderly colonels, or cunnils, each a cross between Don Quixote and Colonel Newcome, Virginia has a ways been a somewhat restless spot (cf. the great slave-rising a century and a half ago, the secession from the Union, the pranks of the maniac John Brown). We trace this unrest tentatively to the fact that large numbers of chaps, probably including your great-great-great Uncle George, were shanghaied by relatives or friends during the 18th century and forced to hoe tobacco in Virginia under the lash, a profitable contemporary racket at £40 per nob. Your Uncle George's long and eloquent hard-luck story, poured nightly into unwilling ears, undoubtedly made him one of the biggest bores of the Southern States. Therefore whoever sold your Uncle George to the plantations (it may have been blushing Aunt Phoebe) started a wave of anglophobia among the honest locals which they explain the inherited toughness of the tobacco-kings to-day.

We have not touched on the wave of anglophobia your Uncle George may have started before being waited from the Motherland. It is not for us to embarrass you, Heaven forbid.

Master

It was high time the Sunday papers—having the leisure for it—discovered a mysterious Master-Brain controlling all the major crime in London, and the boys did it admirably. Our only criticism is that the Brain, though glamorous enough, seems not to be a gentleman.

It is now forty years since the great Raffles (A. J.) demonstrated to the Race that a master-crook can be an Old Harrovian, a tenant of Albany, W., a guest of the Beau Monde, and a brilliant bowler for the Gentlemen of England without losing either social or amateur status. No doubt Raffles lived in a more civilised world than any Brain of today. In the 1900's the disposal-plan after looting the Gold Room of the British Museum, for example, seems to have been almost boringly simple. You melted the loot into one nugget, drove to the Bank of England, explained that you had just landed from America, and made the Bank pay you cash over the counter ("and you can make them," as Raffles pointed out to his stooge). Apparently all the Bank said was "Notes or gold?", and you said "Gold, please," and lounged out, and one of the Bank porters followed you, carrying a large canvas bag of sovereigns to your hansom. The day was warm and sunny. Cabby, drive slowly twice round the Park.

Our feeling is that it would do a Brain of 1948 no good even to think of such things. Something might snap.

Lapse

WHEN the publicity experts can't think of anything else they fall back instinctively (we observe with regret once more) on their Pepys-imitations, like frightful small girls encoring with *If* at Christmas parties. It would be nice to be able to wean them from this habit.

Pepys-imitations—even good ones—being about as attractive as earache, there seems little excuse for whimsy offerings of this type:

This day at Mrs. Knipp's, where did find her in sore need of consolacioun, she being in hysteriques for that the mayd had mislayd her TUMPO TOEJOY! Which being speedily replac'd from mine own store of TUMPO TOEJOY, we did both daunce for joy (etc, etc).

Observe the monstrous imposition of the culture of one age on another. Agonised tantrums over the temporary mislaying of a bottle of coloured fluid are the mark of 1948, not 1648. You find plenty of nostrums advertised in 1648, but the etiquette, as Shaw or somebody said of intermarriage in Upper Norwood, is calmer. Whether, incidentally, the Race cares much about Pepys-imitations today, having had a good basinful since about the 1850's, we doubt. In fact we doubt if the Race cares much about anything whatever. Not a word to Fleet Street.

Chums

DOCUMENTS recently discovered in the departmental archives at Morbihan, Brittany, establish finally that Marshal Saxe's victory over Butcher Cumberland at Fontenoy (May, 1745) was almost entirely due to the superb last-moment charging of the Irish Brigade. Another little rap for the Whigs. . . .

There were Irish on the other side as well, as is liable to happen in almost any brawl. What is no less interesting about Fontenoy is that it made the Irish temporarily popular with the French, a great and difficult race who don't like anybody very much. When we last lived in their midst all Gaul was divided by Charles Maurras between three species—Frenchmen, *rastas*, and *métèques*; a *rasta* being a visiting vulgarian from the New World and a *métèque* being a sub-human resident alien who, like us, paid French taxes but had no civic rights. One may therefore reasonably conclude that in 1745 the Irish were popular *pro tem.*, like the Scots in St. Joan's time, for two reasons: (1) their dashing Celtic charm, and (2), more important, their gift for vexing perfidious Albion.

And you, sweethearts? Which fellow-humans do you adore most, next to yourselves, you big Nordic lumps of love? (Orchestra, *Hearts and Flowers.*)

Mentor

A THINKER trying rather feebly to interest women in astronomy had evidently not studied a valuable textbook in our possession entitled *The Young Gentleman and Lady's Astronomy, familiarly Explain'd in Ten Dialogues between NEANDER and EUDOSIA* (London, 1748), which would have shown him the right technique.

The technique of Neander, a Cambridge man, is to sweep his sweetie-pie off her dainty silken legs from the word "go," evoking such breathless cries as "I am loft in wonder!" and "You amaze me!", and "Aftonishing to think, that a cannon-ball would be upwards of 200 years in going from the fun to the remotest planet of the fyftem!" So in the end we observe the fair Eudisia completely subdued and eating out of his hand, as one of her final cries indicates:

EUD: But is there no danger of our fex's becoming too vain and proud, if they underftood these things as well as you do?

No such rush-tactics being employed by the thinker mentioned above, one can well imagine women turning fretful and saucy on him, putting out their tongues and saying frightful things about astronomers in general; the sort of thing Anatole France's actress-friend said about a noted savant at the Observatoire ("Etail-il cocu!"). It's a battlefield and if you don't get them they get you, experts assure us.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Well, I've been adopted as prospective Communist candidate for this Division . . ."



The Brockenhurst, Hants, Golf Club recently held its Women's Autumn Tournament, and competitors are seen walking down the fairway towards the 12th green of one of the most attractive courses in the country. The club was started in 1913 on the Brockenhurst Estate, owned by the Morant family, and Capt. John Morant is now its president. Those who have played on the course include H.M. the Queen, before her marriage, and her father, the Earl of Strathmore, the King of Greece, Lord Nuffield and Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who lives in the district

R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's

Scoreboard



A PART from a little diplomacy in arithmetic at Whist Drives and some double-hitting to force the ball through the croquet-hoop, cheating at games is sadly declining. And when honesty is added to seriousness, sport does not answer to its name.

Laughter dies when you can no longer palm a Knave at Beggar-my-Neighbour, and, if you have lost the art of throwing sand from the bunker with one hand and the ball on to the green with the other, golf ceases to be a Wonderful Adventure and becomes a mere exercise for torpid livers and silvery moralists.

THESE reflections dripped from that sponge, miscalled a mind, as I conned some of the learned ruminations of the Rules of Golf Committee who had been sitting on some pretty tough eggs while, outside the windows of the Royal and Ancient clubhouse, silent and, if not silent, incomprehensible, caddies were escorting their patrons towards some ball-divining in the Swilcan Burn, and the eternal sea, which gives no opinions, was lapping the beautiful bay of St. Andrews.

One of the subjects touched upon by the Committee was that of balls that are inadvertently moved by those, with outlandish oaths, searching for them. The gist of their decision

on this matter is that no penalty should attach to a player who, blundering through the rough, knocks into his own ball, even though this involuntary contact should improve the lie of the ball. The italics, had I put any in, would be my own.

THE Committee then state, with all the splendour of those who permit what they cannot prevent, that the Rules of Golf do not cater for dishonesty. Thus, they are discreetly silent about the golfer who, watch in hand, stands on his opponent's ball in the rough for five minutes, then pockets both ball and watch.

Nor do they dare any elucidation of that Rule 29 (2), mysterious as Mona Lisa, which says: "No player or caddie shall endeavour, by moving or otherwise, to influence the action of the wind upon the ball." Even Canute, a monarch of dictatorial tendencies, stopped short of soliciting the obedience of the wind. And what is meant by the words "or otherwise"? Is the player, or caddie, expected to fly alongside a drive and shelter it from the wind? If he is able to bring off this feat, it would seem churlish to criticise him. If he can't, well, why Rule 29 (2)?

So much for golfers, a mere band of cozeners and gainsayers, who stalk around with

their caps on back to front and their stockings inside out, playing out of turn and with the wrong ball, dicing on the greens, removing growing objects, illegally deeming ground to be under repair, pressing down irregularities of surface, shouting at blameless pedestrians, waving clubs, waiving penalties, and stamping the face of their irons with lines exceeding 1-16th of an inch in width.

SMALL wonder that honest folk, nauseated by these nefarious extravagances, turn, for moral gastric recovery, to the perfect old English game of Cricket, where all is peace and purity, and no one minds if we never win another Test so long as we crease our flannels and walk erect and silent to the pavilion, after being given out l.b.w. to a fast ball on the point of the chin.

What a game. And what an unwritten history. Did I never tell you of the England cricketer who trod on his leg stump when making a high hit towards the square-leg boundary? Well, he did; and while all eyes were on the catch, which was floored, he nipped round and replaced the leg bail, and got away with it. In Australia. Never say die.

Cheesah V. for the Cambridgeshire. No limit.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire



Near the starting clock, Mrs. V. Southwell and Miss K. Bradbury prepare to play off in the Brockenhurst Women's Autumn Tournament



To relieve the caddying situation, Mr. G. R. Mellor and Cdr. H. L. Vicary, R.N. (right), caddied for Mrs. K. Humby and Mrs. Geoffrey Wright



Mrs. S. James and Mrs. M. Lowe formed a mechanical transport section to deal with the problem caused by the acute shortage of caddies

IN a recent post-Leger note in this page concerning the possibilities of next year's Gold Cup, it was adventured that it might resolve itself into a duel to the death between My Love and Black Tarquin, despite the former's inexpressibly bad performance. It is taking a bit of a risk, as we all must realise, to prophesy about anything at such a moment as this, but I want to emend that note and say that, if he is still alive and well, Black Tarquin will win, even if My Love goes out a lot more tightened up than he was on Leger day.

The Derby and Grand Prix winner looked very shy of a gallop, to put it no higher, and he blew up more than three furlongs from home. This could only mean one of two things: (a) that he cut it; or (b) that he was too fat inside. I dismiss the first suggestion. But whichever anyone may conclude that it was, I deliberately pick Black Tarquin to beat him next year at Ascot. The answer to the question "Why?" is Alycidon.



THEY said that the reason why Lord Derby's colt did not win the Leger was because he had to make all his own running. I do not believe that that was the cause of his defeat. He made every yard of it in the Jockey Club Stakes (1½ miles) at Newmarket on September 30th, and laid his field out stone cold, and had done so, at a rough calculation, long before they went into The Dip, where the honest Cadir tried to get on terms. In the Leger, Black Tarquin won hard held, and Alycidon could make no impression upon him. I do not think that Britt ever moved on the winner. There is only this to add, namely, that it is possible that neither the Leger nor the Jockey Club Stakes were quite far enough for Alycidon. On the other hand, Black Tarquin would have won at Doncaster just as comfortably if there had been another half mile or more to go.

THE Meerut Tent Club, which inaugurated and ran the Kadir Cup from 1869 onwards, has at last been wound up, and I am much indebted to Mr. Kenneth MacIver for a copy of the English paper published in India, *The Onlooker*, in which there is an account of the obsequies. Mr. MacIver used to be well known in the business worlds of Karachi and Bombay, and I expect also in the one which was interested in hunting that worthy antagonist, the Mighty

Boar, of whom even a tiger is afraid—and with good reason!

Though it was inevitable that the Meerut Tent Club, like a good many others, would eventually disappear, its passing will be a cause of sorrow to many a good man, especially to those who have ever had any dealings with that unrelenting Kadir country. For the first two years of its existence it was called "The Meerut Tent Club Cup," and it was not until 1874 that it was given the name and style of the Kadir Cup. It was run continuously excepting during the Afghan War, 1879-1880, "Bobs Bahadur's" great fight, until its demise. I somehow feel that all those who have won this Cup in the past, or even had a crack at it, will be glad that they were not at the bedside to witness its death.

This account of it in *The Onlooker*, by J. A. G. Glenn, also devotes itself to an account of the Christmas gathering 1946-47, at which there was nothing in the way of a competition for the Cup. March was the month for that, and anyone who has gone forth to battle with a lean galloping pig knows the kind of fight he can have. The heavy sort is no good, but the other kind...! Here is the concluding paragraph in *The Onlooker*:

The last meet of the Tent Club was held at Janupura. Shikaris have been paid their pensions, old records and log books dating back to 1865 have been packed for despatch to the Cavalry Club, London, and the Kadir Cup, a massive and beautiful piece of silver, presented by the Royal Calcutta Turf Club in 1930 and last competed for in 1939, has been sent to Colonel Tuck, the last winner, at the request of the donors. And so, after over eighty years of unbroken hunting, the Meerut Tent Club, and all that it meant to generations of pig-stickers, has ceased to exist.

Colonel P. H. J. Tuck, R.A., won it in 1936 on Manifest when he was a captain; was runner-up in 1938 on Squeaker, and won it again in 1939; but I have no record after 1938.

THE Cesarewitch falls very awkwardly so far as this paper is concerned, since the printer demands that these notes must go into his jaws long before the jockeys are even weighed out. I think the favourite ought to have won it, and, personally, I had a place double, the other one being Kilbelin.



Tasker, Press Illustrations
Miss V. Phillipowski getting out of a bunker at the eighteenth hole with a determined stroke. There were fifty-eight entries for the tournament



Abinger Manor, near Dorking, Surrey, the residence of Major Edward Beddington Behrens and his wife, who are seen on the lawn with their three-year-old son Serge. Major Beddington Behrens, who won the M.C. and bar in World War I., in which he was the youngest brigadier in the British Army, is an eminent industrialist and economist. He is a member of the Grand Council of the Federation of British Industries

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"The Sky and the Forest"

"Theatre Street"

"A Book of Ballads"

"Rude Health"

THE hero of C. S. Forester's new novel is a cannibal king. *The Sky and the Forest* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) recounts the adventures and personal problems of Loa, woolly-headed god-chieftain of a Central African village. The story opens way back in the nineteenth century: not yet has civilisation afforded Loa so much as a glimpse of her dubious face. At the start our hero has few problems—sleeping sickness is decimating the neighbourhood, but there are enough people: the pressing shortage is meat. Wild game in the forest is running short, and Loa, no natural vegetarian, is restive under a diet of plantain baked in oil—far from unreasonably, he is wondering whether to eat or not to eat his senior and ruling wife, Musini, the lady chiefly responsible for the plantain, which she serves with a take-it-or-leave-it air.

This method of getting one's own back on an indifferent housekeeper who makes shortage an alibi for her own deficiencies cannot, unhappily, be recommended to British husbands. Musini is, we gather, not totally unaware that her god-husband's patience is exhausted, but some madness continues to drive her on—she serves plantain for breakfast, lunch and tea. Loa would, frankly, as soon eat antelope any day as wife—cannibalism is the practical last resort, rather than preference, of himself and his fellows. Luckily for Musini, a lady from a neighbouring village is picked up—apparently picnicking by herself, actually in flight from

raiders. She is set aside to be fattened: before she goes to the hot-pot she tells a long, rambling story of grey-faced men making banging noises, who had laid waste her tribe.

LOA, as it turns out, would have done well to have given as much consideration to the lady's story as he did to her excellence as a dish. The grey-faced banging men prove to be Arab slave-hunters, and Loa's own village is next on their itinerary. As it is, the raid takes everyone by surprise; no effective resistance is put up and, in almost less time than it takes Mr. Forester—effective and speedy storyteller—to tell, our Loa finds himself, prestige and godhead ignored, being marched through the forest coastwards in a long file of captives.

The captives are yoked in twos on five-foot poles: Loa has the additional irritation of being equally out of kissing or eating distance from Nessi, comely and plump young wife of Ura, one of his subordinates. Moreover, if Nessi trips up, passes out or falls asleep on the march, our unfortunate chieftain is nearly choked. Propinquity does not, in this case, make for romance.

At that point, I foresaw for the story a turn it was, after all, not to take—the predicament of somebody with a god-mentality finding himself a slave. Could I have been privileged to write Mr. Forester's following chapters for him, this would have happened. The author,

however, like the customer, always knows best: Mr. Forester's decision for Loa was that he should be rescued, half-way through the march, by the indomitable Musini and her and Loa's boy-son Lanu—who, with this object in view, had been stealthily following, through the forest, the Arab raiders' tracks. Like it or not, it is inevitable that Musini, in extracting her husband from the file of captives, should also set at liberty the attractive Nessi—who, after the rescue, continues to tag along.

NOR only godlike sway but normal masculine dominance is, during the journey home, unseated: Musini is on the up-and-up. Her unattractiveness (she is ancient at twenty-five) is more than counterbalanced by her vim, go and generally executive qualities—many effective women are bad housekeepers. When Nessi is liquidated, Loa does not so much as raise an eyebrow.

The crux of the story is the return home: Loa's village, last seen during the nightmare of the raid, seems to have settled down again into its normal ways—and seems, moreover, if truth be told, to be getting on remarkably well without him. Will the god-chieftain be reinstated; has his ignominious exit, along with the other captives, dealt his prestige an irreparable blow? If he returns to power, what effect will his adventures have had on his character? The end of *The Sky and the Forest* answers the above questions—it might not be

hinting too much to say that the deterioration of Loa's character is lamentable.

ONE may, I hope, be excused for summarising with a certain flippancy this serious novel, sure to have an appeal. In anatomising this simple savage, Mr. Forester, I do feel sure, lays bare a number of traits generic to all humanity: most to be praised is the suggested flowering of a love, a loyalty, an inadvertent mutual respect between Loa and Musini—a once far from idyllic pair.

As against that, there are incidents in this book which I deprecate: are they not too horrible? I did not, in the long run, find the society of Loa and his little group calculated either to elevate or to cheer. Mr. Forester has, as a storyteller, certainly seldom been in better form, and his descriptions of the Central African forest are, throughout, magnificent. Deserved attention will be drawn to this book by its having been the Book Society's Choice.

THE republication of an adorable classic, Tamara Karsavina's *Theatre Street*, is welcome. Messrs. Constable issue this new edition, with the great ballerina's portrait adorning a silver wrapper, at 21s.: it has one extra chapter—Karsavina's study of Diaghileff. "Diaghileff's death," we learn, occurred after Karsavina had finished writing her book; and in the original edition this event was noted in a postscript.

Part of the loveliness of *Theatre Street* resides in its author's power of going direct to what she has found lovable in people, great or small: at the same time, one feels there is nothing either biased or cloudy about her kindness. It is a great thing to keep the power to admire—this power Karsavina, herself so much admired, never seems to have lost. Ultimately, we feel certain of the justice of her estimation of Diaghileff, which takes both his failings and his powers, his weaknesses and his greatness, into account.

Apart from the extra chapter, *Theatre Street* stands as it stood: originally it was published by Messrs. Heinemann in 1930. Karsavina, as all the world knows, is first of all a dancer, but something of the poetic genius for movement seems to have seeped through into her writing—the book, with its smilingness, its modesty which has such a true ring, might serve as a model to many more self-conscious, awkward or pompous autobiographers. Balletomanes who have up to now missed *Theatre Street* will, obviously, seize on this new edition; while a public till recently indifferent may be led to it by the popularity of the film *The Red Shoes*.

BALLET-INTEREST is strong from start to finish. Not less, to me, is the charm of the childhood in pre-Revolution Russia, and the pupil years—"school" in this case being the Imperial Ballet School, St. Petersburg. Here, the regime was ultra-strict—nay, conventual.

The morning was devoted to dancing lessons and music practice. After lunch we were taken out for a daily airing, the length of which varied slightly according to how soon we got ready. At the most we had from fifteen to twenty minutes round and round a small garden in the courtyard. Our winter cloaks were voluminous. The black pelisse lined with red fox we nicknamed "penguin" from the short sleeves let in at the waist-line; it was gathered in folds under the round fur collar and together with a black silk bonnet, à la Perdita Robinson, made us not unlike a sugar loaf in shape. The feet were kept warm by high boots with velvet tops. The fashion of our clothes belonged to the preceding century, but was well in keeping with the spirit of the institution, with its severe detachment from the life outside its walls. Vowed to the theatre, we were kept from contact with the world as from a contamination. Having to face life one day in its most alluring guise, we were brought up in almost convent-like seclusion. As I look back now upon my school years, I see that our upbringing, despite its seeming absurdity, fully vindicated its wisdom. If lacking the stimulus of actuality, we at least were spared the sordidness of life; and the rarefied air of discipline was a proper school for temperament,

inasmuch as it concentrated its growth on one single purpose.

Karsavina's memories of her début, and of following seasons dancing at the Mariinsky Theatre, are not less vivid. "Impartially, and with only a vague amused tenderness," she sees her young self—"a form half graceful, half awkward, limbs appearing too long, smooth black hair framing a childish face, pale and intensely grave; and an unconquerable habit of raising the eyebrows in *accent circonflexe*, as my Mother termed it, which gave a look of wonder to the rare smile."

After that, the great, the historic days when, under Diaghileff, the Russian Ballet broke, like a dazzling wave, upon capital after capital of Europe. The young *prima ballerina* was scared of Paris—whose toast she was soon to be. Sympathetic, tragic is her word-picture of Nijinsky.

The Revolution, with its curious impacts

on the St. Petersburg theatre, then the escape from Russia, conclude the story. . . . Were I making out a list of ideal gift books for a daughter on her birthday, *Theatre Street* would certainly be among them.

A BOOK OF BALLADS, "being the Collected Light Verse of A. P. Herbert," needs little more than announcement: it recommends itself. It is published by Benn at 15s. "A.P.H." is the star versifier, as well as a leading satirist, of our age: these collected Ballads guarantee joy, a grin and a thought—as well as appreciation of their enchanting skill.

Rude Health—"Bedside Book of Better Body Knowledge"—is the book on health to end books on health. It is the demon work of Dennis Rooke and Alaf d'Egville—complete with pictures, it is extremely funny. Note the notes on Alcohol. Messrs. Heinemann publish, at 6s.



Photographs by Lafayette

Mrs. Edward Beddington Behrens, with a portrait of herself by Sorine, the Russian painter. Before her marriage she was the Princess Irena Obolensky, sister of Prince Obolensky, the England Rugby player, and she is a direct descendant of Peter the Great

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Petri—Cave

Mr. Arthur David Petri, only son of Lt.-Col. A. V. Petri, O.B.E., and Mrs. Petri, of The Old Lodge, Woking, Surrey, married at St. James's, Spanish Place, Miss Susan Mary Dorothy Cave, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Cave, of The Old Rectory, Bletchingley, Surrey



Hollingsworth—Edwards-Jones

Capt. Norman Hugh Hollingsworth, R.E.M.E., of Nottingham, and Miss Constance Maria Edwards-Jones, of Keighley, Yorkshire, were married at St. Barnabas's Catholic Cathedral, Nottingham



Grimshaw—Milner

The wedding took place at St. John's Church, Moor, Allerton, Leeds, of Mr. Harry Barker Grimshaw, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grimshaw, of The Close, Bardsey, near Leeds, and Miss Shelagh Mary Margaret Milner, younger daughter of Major the Right Hon. James Milner, M.P., and Mrs. Milner, of Summer Hill, Roundhay, Leeds, and Whitehall Court, London, S.W.



Melikoff—Hainault

The wedding took place at St. Philip's, Buckingham Palace Road, of Prince Alexis Melikoff, eldest son of Mrs. A. Wolcough, of Kensington Court, London, W.8, and Miss Juliet Napier Hainault, youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Miford, of The Park, East Knoyle, Wiltshire



Waverling Woods—Crocombe

Mr. F. R. Waverling Woods, of Cairo and Alexandria, younger son of the late Mr. F. Waverling Woods, C.I.E., of St. Albans, married Miss Charmian Crocombe, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Crocombe, of Nightingale Road, Southsea, Hampshire



Hughes-Jones—Watkin-Davies

Capt. Vivian E. Hughes-Jones, of the Colonial service, only son of the late Mr. W. Hughes-Jones, and of Mrs. Hughes-Jones, of Fron, Llangefti, Anglesey, married Miss Elsie Watkin-Davies, only daughter of the late Mr. M. Watkin-Davies, and of Mrs. Watkin-Davies, of Gwynay, Llangefti, at St. Cyngar's Church, Llangefti

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Photographs by Eric JoySmith

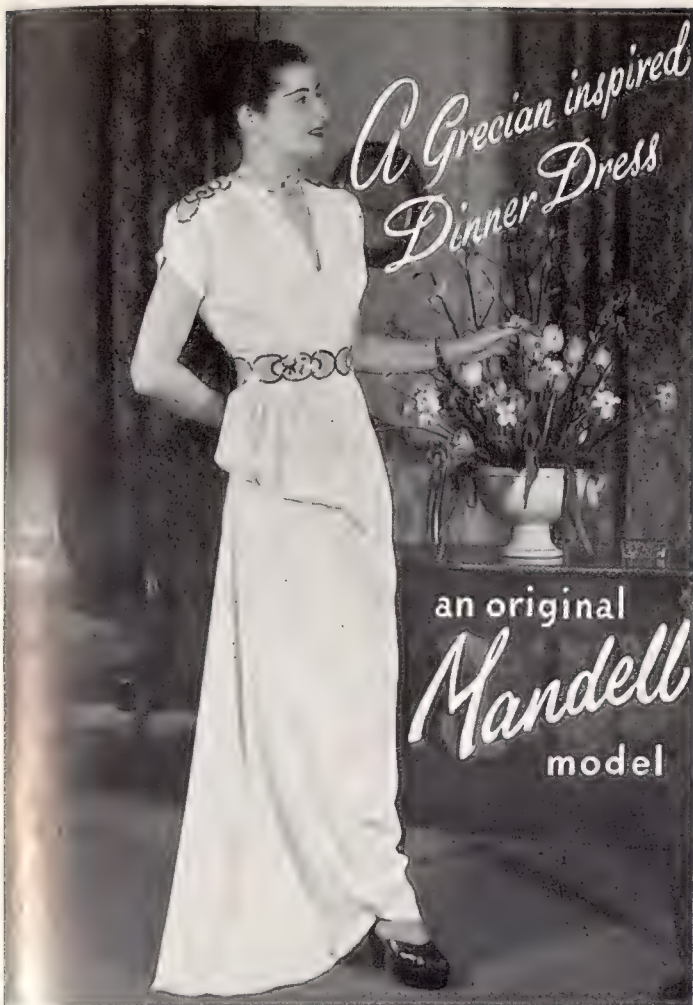
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Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Navana Vandyk

Miss Dinah Margaret Clodd, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Martin Clodd, and of Mrs. Clodd, of Oporto, Portugal, who is engaged to Mr. Patrick de Fleurriet Delaforce, only son of Mr. Victor S. de F. Delaforce, of Oporto, and of Mrs. Swann, of California



Pearl Freeman

Miss Glendyr Orr, daughter of the late Colonel J. E. Orr, and of Mrs. K. G. Macleod, of St. James, Cape Peninsula, South Africa, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Packer, son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. A. Packer, of Cranmer Court, S.W.3



Navana Vandyk

Miss Isabel Doris Bradbury and Lieut. Leonard Peter Watson, R.N., who are engaged to be married. Miss Bradbury is the daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. R. A. Bradbury, R.N., and of Mrs. Bradbury, of Dunfermline, Fife, and Lieut. Watson is the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Woodlands, Barford, Warwick



Lenare

Miss Margaret Elizabeth Cripps, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Cripps, of Queen's Gate, London, and Capetown, South Africa, who has announced her engagement to Baron Pascal de Flotow, son of Mme. M. van der Straeten, of Avenue de Belgique, Antwerp



Harlip

Miss Elspeth Kerr Bone, younger daughter of the late Mr. John Kerr Bone, and of Mrs. Bone, of North Brookland, Royston, Hertfordshire, who is engaged to Mr. Gordon G. Winter, of Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Winter, of Hampstead

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Capt. and Mrs. Palmer with their infant son John Philip, who was christened by the Bishop of Newcastle at Little Harle Towers Church, Kirkcubrighton, Northumberland. Mrs. Palmer is the heiress to the Little Harle Towers estate



Lt.-Col. Philip and Mrs. Graves-Morris after the christening of their son Philip Vance, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The child is a direct descendant of Ensign Richard Vance of the 29th Foot, who saved the Colours at Albuhera

Some Recent Christenings



Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Coats, of 27 Thurloe St., S.W.7., after the christening of Sarah Mary Coats at Brompton Oratory. The godparents include the Hon. Ardyne Knollys, Miss Anne Somerset, Miss N. Bird, Mr. A. Murray and Mr. R. Crouch



Cdr. N. Whitestone, R.N., and Mrs. Whitestone with their son Tom and youngest child Sebastian Gordon after the baby had been christened at St. James's, Spanish Place. They have also a daughter, Annabelle

RECORD OF THE WEEK

ARE we losing our sense of values? I read that two film stars have been offered some £5,000 for a recording of a scene from a film. In November, 1822, the Philharmonic Society of London offered Beethoven the sum of £50 for a new symphony which was to become the exclusive property of the society.

Beethoven, ever mindful of his early years of poverty, accepted the offer, though in his last illness the Philharmonic Society sent him £100 free of any conditions whatsoever in appreciation of the symphony he had written. This symphony, Beethoven's Opus 125, is the famous Ninth. It will live for ever.

The film stars' record must and can only be a nine days wonder!

In April of this year the first complete recording of the Brahms *German Requiem* was issued. It was made by the Singerverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Wien, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Herbert von Karajan, the soloists being Schwarzkopf and Hotter. Now much the same combination of musicians, but with the addition of Elisabeth Höngen and Julius Patzak, have made a new and beautiful set of records of Beethoven's stupendous Ninth. The balance is excellent and the performance of both orchestra and singers is handled and directed with tremendous insight by the conductor. Here are nine records for lovers of Beethoven's music and collectors alike. (Columbia LX.1097-1105.)

Robert Tredinnick

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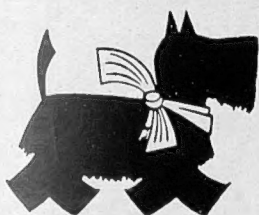
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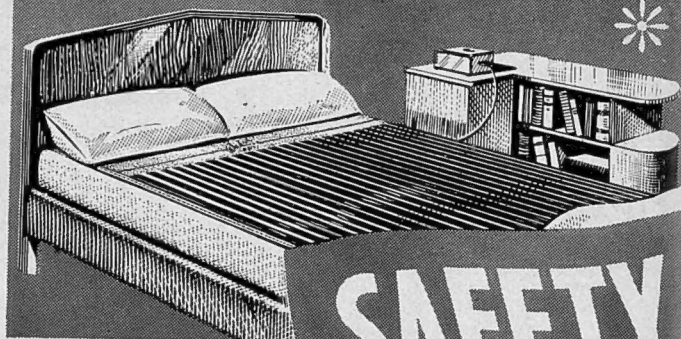
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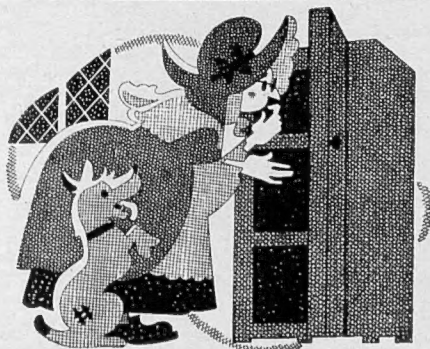
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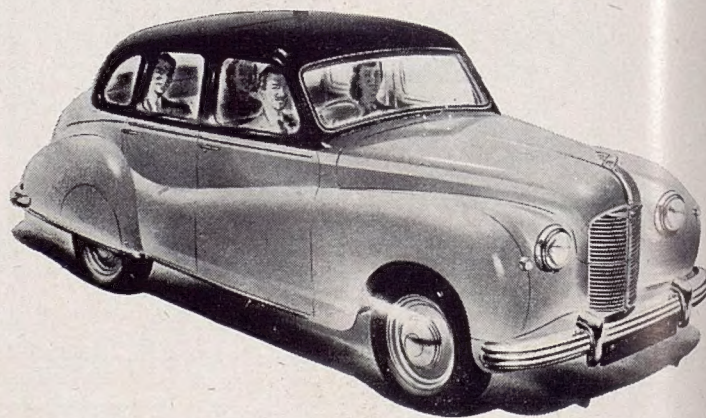
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